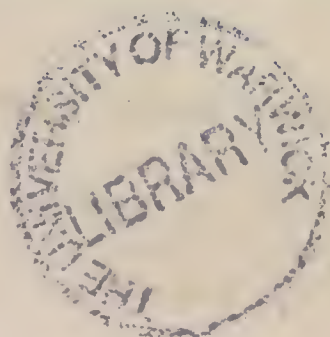


A.

ASMODEUS.

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Asmodeus, or the Little Devil's share.

RAFAEL. *Kneeling presents his dispatches.* The General Madam,
 has sent me with these dispatches to your Majesty. *sees*
Carlo Asmodeus as I live! ah! I remember he told me I
 should see him at the Palace.

A S M O D E U S ;

OR,

THE LITTLE DEVIL'S SHARE.

A D R A M A,

IN

Two Acts.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF "SCRIBE"

BY

THOMAS ARCHER, Esq.,

Author of The King's Ransom, Blood Royal, &c. &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,

LONDON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

<i>Ferdinand, King of Spain</i>	Mr. Heslop
<i>Fraz Antonio, the Grand Inquisitor, and Councillor to the King</i>	Mr. Morrison
<i>Gil Vargas, his creature, Usher of the Black Rod and Tutor to Don Rafael</i>	Mr. Neville
<i>Don Rafael D Estunego, a Student of The- logy Pupil of Gil Vargas and subsequent y Captain of the Queen's Guard</i>	Mr. J. T. Johnson
<i>Count Medra, Chamberlain to the Queen</i> ..	Mr. Lawler
<i>Antonio</i>	Mr. Dixie
<i>Carlos</i>	Mr. R. Green
<i>Carlo, an Orphan and Wandering Minstrel, assuming the character of Asmodeus</i>	Mrs. R. Honner
<i>Isabel, Queen of Spain</i>	Mrs. H. Vining
<i>Casilda, Sister to Carlo, and beloved by, and in love with Don Rafael</i>	Mrs. H. Hughes
<i>Inquisitors, Guards, Huntsmen Attendants, Alguazils, Ladies of the Court, &c.</i>	

First produced at the Royal Surrey Theatre, June 12, 1843

Time in Representation—1 hour 30 minutes.

COSTUME.

Ferdinand—Spanish dress, scarlet and gold, with large red cloak, hat and plume.

Fraz Antonio—Black dress, with black cloak, and black close Geneva cap on his head.

Gil Vargas—Dark shape puffed with red, Geneva cap, like that of Fraz Antonio.

Don Rafael—Plain grey tunic. Second dress—Handsome scarlet shape, with breastplate, hat, feathers, spurs.

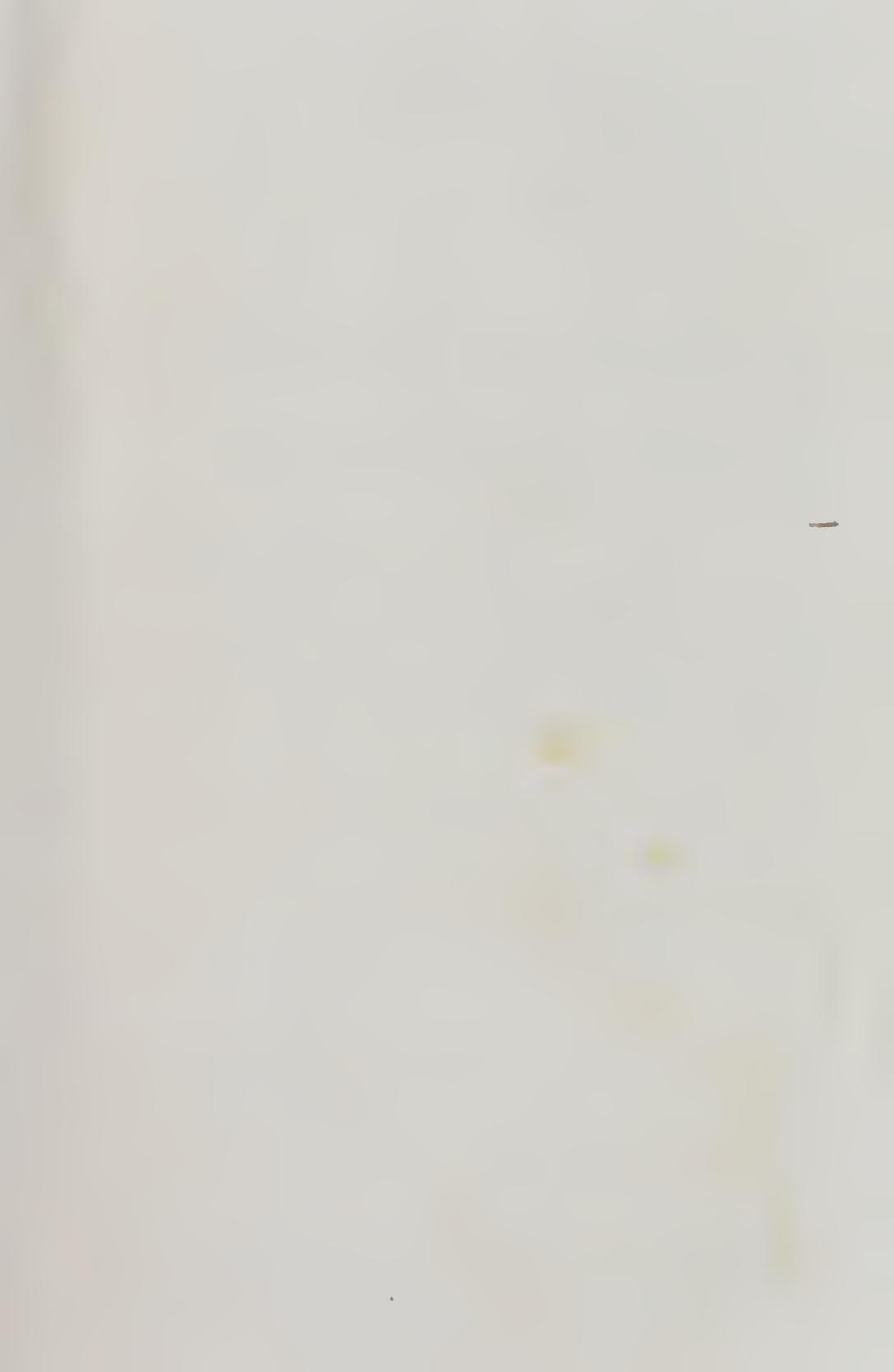
Inquisitors—Black suits.

Lords, &c.—Handsome Spanish shapes.

Carlo—Green tunic. Second dress—Very handsome tunic and cap, stripes of scarlet and gold.

Queen—Sort of riding habit, green and old. Second dress—Very handsome robe, &c.

Casilda—Plain dress. Second dress—Handsome robe, &c.



ASMODEUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*On the L. H. at the back, a convent. In the centre of stage, a large chesnut tree, at the foot of which is a bank. On the L. H., a small tavern, bearing the sign of the "Castilian Arms."*

Enter RAFAEL and GIL VARGOS, l. E. R. H.

Raf. So you have just come from my uncle, the Duke D'Estunego

Var. Yes, my dear pupil.

Raf. And he was enraged, you say——

Var. Against you and me. He dares to accuse me of having given you ideas, and all I could say would not do, although I told him over and over again, that during the ten years he had confided you to my care, I had taught you nothing, absolutely nothing—that is, at least, in the way he meant; and that at eighteen years of age, simple and ignorant of everything, you——

Raf. That's very true.

Var. "I then," said he "why for the last three months has he taken such a dislike to the monastic life for which I intended him? Why has the annual sum of six hundred ducats, which I have allowed him, been squandered on women's dresses and millinery, and lastly, why has he contracted debts?" I then, with all the respect I owe to the noble house of Las Cuevas, and more particularly, to the Duke D'Estunego, your uncle, swore that it was not so.

Raf. You were wrong to swear.

Var. Why, you have got no money?

Raf. Not a farthing!

Var. And you are greatly in debt.

Raf. Two hundred pistols!

Var. I'm afraid you have kept very bad company.

Raf. Not at all!

Var. Then you have been gambling the ruin of all young men

Raf. No! since you left me, I have passed my time in studying theology from the large folios that you gave me, by the fathers, Sanchez and Escobar.

Var. Good books—very good books.

Raf. I say, very bad books, for they were so very tedious, that they made me think of anything but their contents, and instead of looking down upon them, I found myself always looking up, and just before my window was the apartment of one of the first milliners in the town, and amongst the young work-women, there was one, who——

Var. Heaven defend us! a milliner! why, then, you are in love.

Raf. You are right—a form—oh, such a form—and then her face—that of an angel! and I who had been accustomed to see none but yours——

Var. Ah! you looked at her——

Raf. All day long—the change was quite delicious

Var. And she is the cause of your having committed all these follies.

Raf. Ah! yes—to be near her, to speak to her, I had but one way; and that was to go and buy gowns, petticoats, cloaks, wandles, bonnets, caps, and thingamies, you know, and all these things are expensive, particularly when one has no use for them

Var. No doubt!

Raf. I ordered something new every day, and when my uncle's allowance was spent, I went in debt to buy frills and furbeaws, and when my credit was gone, and I could borrow no more, I sold Father Sanchez, and Father Escabor to buy laces and ribbons

Var. What you—my pupil—Rafael D'Es unego? And what have you done with all these things?

Raf. Oh! they are in my apartment—in my study—but I have left them, because she whom I admire has disappeared. I see her no more, and I know not what is become of her.

Var. And what do intend to do?

Raf. I don't know; however, I don't intend to study theology again. I am a gentleman, my father was a gentleman—I wear a sword, and can fight my way through the world, and one day marry the only woman I shall ever love.

Var. What in opposition to your uncle? he'll disinherit you, and he's very ill now.

Raf. Well! without friends, without family, without a mistress, I have but one desperate resource, and it is not my fault, if I am driven to it——

Var. And what is it?

Raf. [Looking round mysteriously.] I had my meaning in directing our steps this way. Don't you know where you are?

Var. Yes, to be sure; that's the convent, two miles from Madrid—and that's the sign of the Castilian Arms, a tavern generally used as a resting-place during the royal hunt.

Raf. And this old chesnut tree, which is at least three hundred years old —

Var. What that? the one which is called the sorcerer's tree?

Raf. Yes, that's it; and in those books that you gave me, and I believe it all, and so do you, for you told me they were true, I read that this monastery was built to keep away devils and sorcerers, who were in the habit of assembling here at night.

Var. Of all that I have taught him, he can only remember this!

Raf. And that, notwithstanding, they still come two or three times a year—at Christmas, and at Mid-summer, and that at twelve o'clock at night, under the great chesnut tree, by simply calling Asmodeus three times. You know you told me so!

Var. Oh! impossible. Who would have believed that you would so exaggerate such ideas, as to—but think no more of the nonsense, or you will be taken for a fool, or a madman.

Raf. Perhaps so! but since the morning, I have been in a fever; my brain has been on fire, for to day is the feast of St. John, and I said to myself, if all else fails, at sunset I'll go to the great chesnut tree.

Var. You!

Raf. I'll call Asmodeus three times, and if he answers me—

Var. Pho! but he won't answer you.

Raf. Why, you infidel—then you don't believe that Lucifer exists?

Var. I don't say that

Raf. Then he may come.

Var. Heaven forbid that I should hinder him. But I only wish to say, that before you disturb him, you had better try some other means to—

Raf. Oh, if you know any other means, I have no objection. What are they?

Var. Why perhaps we may find a protector, without calling in the assistance of one so much beneath you. [*Pointing downwards*] Now, hear me. Our King Ferdinand is attacked by melancholy, which at times they say, degenerates into folly.

Raf. Is it possible?

Var. This malady (which from a particular circumstance) I know more about than any body, has latterly been worse than ever. A young girl, of whose death he believes himself to have been the cause, her shade pursues him constantly and through this, the Grand Inquisitor Fra Antonio, the confidant of his majesty, enjoys great power. Now I am the Grand Inquisitor's confidant. I rendered him great services in several dangerous and delicate affairs, for which he has promised he serve me in return, as soon as we have divorced the Queen, and sent her

back to Portugal. In the mean time, he shall patronize you—I'll recommend you to his notice as my pupil.

Raf. Do you think he will?

Var. I'm sure of it. This very night there is to be a hunt by torchlight, at which all the Court will assist—for they are at a loss what means to devise to amuse the King—and the Grand Inquisitor, who seldom leaves his majesty, will not fail to be amongst them; therefore, follow me, and tell me in what way I can assist you.

Raf. Where?

Var. Here, at the Castilian Arms, where the Court will rest; and since you had decided to give yourself to the devil—

Raf. Why the Grand Inquisitor, or the devil, it amounts to the same thing in the end.

Var. [*At door of Inn.*] Come! are you coming?

Raf. I follow you, my beloved tutor. [*Turns towards tree.*] Asmodeus, avant! [*Exit with Vargas into tavern—as they enter, CARLO parts the branches of the chestnut tree, and looks out.*]

Carlo. A very pretty sort of conversation, I have overheard from my hiding place. This tree is a favourite resting-place of mine. I was just beginning the prettiest dream, when the sound of their voices awoke me. [*Comes down out of the tree.*] Poor young man! without friends—without assistance—I pity him. I can well understand his situation, for it is the same as my own—yet, no. I am happier than he is, for I have a sister, and to live for one another is our greatest blessing, whilst he—but where can my sister be? I thought she would have been here by this time. Oh! who have we here? It's her! my pretty dear little sister.

Enter CASILDA, D. F. I. H.

Casi. My dear Carlo, my good brother. [*She is going to embrace him.*]

Carlo. First tell me, what is the meaning of the letter I received from you—and why did you leave Madrid?

Casi. Ah! now you are going to scold me.

Carlo. No! perhaps not. But what am I to do with you now? How is a poor wandering minstrel, like me, with his pretty sister on his arm, to go to the convent of the monks to sing or play the organ? and but for the kindness of the good Lady Abbess, who—but come, before I explain, tell me what induced you to leave the house where I have placed you?

Casi. Yes, at Madrid, with the Senora Cirica a celebrated milliner.

Carlo. Ah! did not a young man often come to your work-room, who lived opposite to your window?

Casi. Why, who told you so?



Carlo. A student of theology!

Casi. He was was one of our best customers; every day he bought new dresses, mantles, laces, and ribbons.

Carlo. It must be the same. [*A side.*]

Casi. I always took care they should not charge too much, for he never tried to get a bargain, and he was so kind, and so generous.

Carlo. Tell me—did he ever say he loved you?

Casi. No! but I'm sure he did.

Carlo. But does he know your name, or who you are?

Casi. Oh no, but that was of no consequence—I was very comfortable, and very happy—I worked all day long at my window.

Carlo. At your window?

Casi. Yes, brother, because it looked on the other side into the gardens of the palace, and I worked with my companions, singing the boleros you taught me, but oftener the one our dear mother used to sing while rocking our cradle. One day, just as I had finished singing it, I saw two cavaliers retire from under the balcony, closely enveloped in their mantles. I had observed them two or three times before, walking up and down the street.

Carlo. It was him, then!

Casi. Oh no—I should have known him. They retired hastily, but the next day, a respectable looking gentleman came and told us, that a great lady, who had been spoken to about my talent as a milliner, wished to have a dress made by me.

Carlo. Well, there was nothing in that.

Casi. No! but he said that the lady was ill, and I must go and take her order at her own house. Her carriage was waiting, and as I hesitated, the Senora Urrica insisted, and I was obliged to obey. I soon found the carriage had left the town, but what could I do? my screams, or struggles would have availed me nothing. I signed to believe all that was said to me, and after several hours travelling, we arrived in the middle of the night at a splendid mansion, where a gentleman of a noble appearance, and still young, told me with a smile to be of good cheer, for that his lady could not see me before the morning. "Till then," said he, "this apartment is yours. Here is refreshment—fear nothing, I must leave you now," and as he went out he secured the door.

Carlo. My poor sister!

Casi. Ah! but I did not despair—for I thought of you, and our dear mother, and as soon as I was alone, I opened one of the windows—it was not very high, and looked over immense gardens. With the help of the sheets from the bed, I soon reached the ground, ran forward, and did not stop till I came to the

wall which enclosed the grounds ; fortunately I discovered an opening where some workmen had been labouring during the day. As soon as I had reached the other side, I walked on all night without knowing from whence I came, or where I was going. At break of day I arrived, worn out with fatigue, at a cavern a mile from this place. It was there I wrote to you—and now I no longer fear anything, for I am with you, my dear brother.

Carlo. You are right, dear sister—you must not return to Madrid. The infamous woman to whom I had confided you was no doubt in the plot.

Casi. I knew it was a fete to-day.

Carlo. Yes, the fete of St. John.

Casi. Oh that you were going to pay the organ at the convent!

Carlo. True, and I have already spoken with the Lady Abbess, who after the ceremony has consented to receive you as a boarder, on condition that I play the organ there all the year round for nothing.

Casi. Dear brother, you are very kind to me.

Carlo. No, sister, 'tis my duty ; in that sacred place, you will have nothing to fear in future—and for the young man you men loved, you must forget him.

Casi. Forget him, brother?

Carlo. Yes! Besides you would be deceived! I know his noble family have other views for him.

Casi. And yet I loved him so.

Carlo. His birth and rank place him far above one so poor as you, sister—come, good bye.

Casi. And you, dear brother, shall I not see you again?

Carlo. Yes, certainly! but go now, dearest. [*They embrace*—*Casilda enters the Convent*—*Carlo watching her.*] Good bye, good bye, dear sister. [*Wiping his eyes.*] Why I do think I was going to cry—but I must take heart, for I have four miles to walk yet before I shall reach the monastery I am to sleep at to-night, and I have scarcely tasted anything since the morning—perhaps I had better get some refreshment at this tavern here, where I shall see this young man who is so desperately in love with my sister. No that won't do, their charge would be too much for a poor wandering minstrel—it would cost me at least ten reals, and I have not much more ; besides, the money belongs to my sister—all I get is for her, therefore it would be robbing her. Let me see, have I got anything here that will do for supper? [*Feeling in a pouch which he carries round his neck*] Nothing but this biscuit—ah! well, never mind, that'll do. I must say, I cannot bear to take my meals alone—alone did I say? ah no, I am never alone ; and my dear mother, too! the remembrance of her is always before me. Let me see,

where shall I sit to eat my supper, and rest myself before I set forth? Ah, here on the bank—ah! that'll do very well [*Sets himself, begins eating his supper*—KING FERDINAND and QUEEN ISABEL are seen advancing from the right at the back of the stage.]

Isa. Lean on me, my dear lord: a few minutes walk in this delightful spot, may perhaps calm your spirits.

Ferd. [*Sighs*] Ah!

Isa. Our attendants will join us.

Ferd. [*Mildly.*] But now, I saw her shade glide rapidly amid these trees.

Isa. Who? what shade is it that so troubles your reason?

Ferd. Shade! what shade, hush—hush! [*Carlo still seated at the foot of the tree, and eating his supper, tries his guitar. King detaining the Queen, who is going towards Carlo.*] Listen! [*Carlo without seeing them, plays again.*] Ah! it is impossible! that air—that voice! tell me, who is near us?

Isa. It is a little minstrel playing on his guitar, as he eats his supper under yonder tree.

Ferd. Tell him to draw near.

Isa. Come hither, my pretty boy.

—*Carlo.* [*Starting up.*] Hullo! who have we here? what fine folks to be sure! [*Takes off his cap, comes forward, and bows to them.*]

Ferd. That air you were playing—where did you learn it?

—*Carlo.* From my mother, who used to sing it me as she lulled me to rest, when an infant.

Ferd. And who is your mother?

—*Carlo.* Alas! she is dead, and I am an orphan.

Ferd. Poor boy! come nearer—will you repeat that strain to me?

—*Carlo.* Most willingly [*Carlo plays.*]

Ferd. His soft melodious strain calms my senses. I could almost believe I heard her.

Isa. [*To Carlo who is retiring.*] Don't go yet dear boy; your minstrelsy seems to please my dear lord, and I would willingly learn from you the way to soothe his pain.

Ferd. Yes, yes; I am better, much better—and to your tenderness, madam, I owe—

Isa. Hush! [*Pointing to Carlo*]

Ferd. For you, dear boy, speak—ask of me what you will.

—*Carlo.* [*Looking at him.*] O—if that is the case—

Ferd. Well?

—*Carlo.* All I ask of you, is to get yourself shaved, and to wear your dress more tastily when you give your arm to so fair and gentle a lady.

Isa. Hush, boy! you know not what you say!

Carlo. Oh! don't I, though? but I do—why, it looks quite ridiculous

Isa. Silence!

Ferd. [*Looking at his dress.*] He speaks truly, [*To Carlo.*] and I will attend to your remonstrance

Carlo. And take my word for it you will do well to do so. [*As he turns to go out, sees several Lords of the Court, who are standing respectfully uncovered at a distance.*] Who are these gentlemen, who take their hats off and bow to us? they are very polite. I suppose I must return the compliment. [*Bows to them.*] Good evening, gentlemen—how do you do?

Ferd. [*Waving his hand to them.*] Give you good evening, gentlemen; good evening. Fraz Antonio, we shall not return to Madrid with you, it is our intention to follow the chase in our carriage

Fraz Antonio. [*Approaching*] What, your Majesty?

Ferd. Yes! it is long since I felt so well.

Ant. [*Aside.*] I am very sorry for it. It is a bad sign for our cause.

Ferd. Notwithstanding, we shall not be sorry to refresh ourselves a short time here at the Castilian Arms. [*To the Queen*] Will you accompany us, madam?

Isa. I follow your Majesty. [*Fraz Antonio and the Lords follow the King, who enters the Tavern. To Carlo, who is going.*] A word, before you go

Carlo. Your pardon, but the night is advancing, and I have yet to reach the monastery, at the convent of which I am organist, and if I am too late, the Angelus would be sung without music.

Isa. What is your name?

Carlo. Carlo Broschi.

Isa. Are you a Spaniard?

Carlo. No, lady, a Neapolitan; although young, yet I am the eldest of my mother's children. She is dead, and I have a sister whom I have sworn to establish in the world before I think of myself.

Isa. [*Smiles.*] Truly, a most manly resolution.

Carlo. No, madam! it is my duty, and I will perform it.

Isa. Well, Carlo, you are a good lad, and deserve to prosper.

Carlo. My mother always told me so, and I will prove she spoke truly.

Isa. And your confidence in her shall not go unrewarded. Listen to me, Carlo; you accomplished that which no other person has been able to achieve—your mistress has given happiness and peace to one who is dearer to me than life. You shall not leave us again—you shall go with us to Madrid,

Carlo. No, lady, that is impossible.

Isa. And why?

Carlo. I have engaged myself to play the organ every day in yonder convent, and I——

Isa. What was your reason for so doing?

Carlo. As payment for my sister's board; they have been so kind as to give her a shelter from a great lord, in Madrid, who wished to seduce her.

Isa. Ah—and do you know who he was?

Carlo. No, lady; had I known, I should have sought for justice

Isa. From the King?

Carlo. Oh, no! for they say he is mad, or very near it. I should have addressed myself to the Queen—who is both kind and good—he would have heard me—don't you think she would?

Isa. Better still—she hears you now.

Carlo. How! what say you?

Isa. That I am the Queen!

Carlo. [*Falling on his knees.*] Oh pardon, lady—pardon!

Isa. Rise, my good boy, rise—and be silent—as regards our conversation.

Carlo. I promise, madam— [*Going.*]

Isa. Stay, Carlo. What shall I give you as a reward for the service you have rendered your king?

Carlo. Oh, madam—your kindness has left me nothing to wish for.

Isa. [*Taking from her side a small pocket-book.*] In this you will find the means to pleasure yourself, and perhaps serve a friend.

Carlo. [*Hesitates.*] Oh, madam——

Isa. It will remind you of your first interview with the Queen of Spain. [*Gives the book to Carlo, who kisses it, and places it in his breast.*] You shall go with me to Court, and be my page. Do you accept my offer?

Carlo. Ah, madam——

Isa. Go now to the Abbess—tell her that I will pay your sister's board; then return to me—you will find me here. On our return from the chase, I will tell you what I expect of you.

Carlo. Oh, my dear mother—could you but see me now!

Isa. Do you hear me, Carlo?

Carlo. Oh, yes, madam. But I can scarce believe my senses.

Isa. [*Kindly extending her hand towards him.*] Go, then, dear boy—and return quickly. [*Carlo kneels kisses her hand,*

risers, puts on his cap very knowingly, crosses his arms and struts off singing—

Carlo He n' it strikes me rather forcibly, that the Broschia are getting up in the world. [*Exit into Convent.*]

Enter GI VARGUS, RAFAEL, and other Noblemen.

Var. There she is—that is the Queen. Take this opportunity to speak to her. [*Both bow respectfully.*]

Isa. What seek you, gentlemen?

Raf. A moment's audience of your majesty. [*Queen Isabel signs to Vargos to retire—he retires to the back and disappears through the forest. The other Nobles retire further, at a sign from her.*] Now speak—who are you?

Raf. Don Rafael D'Es unego. A gentleman, madam wishing to distinguish himself in the King's army, but who is not rich enough to get killed in your Majesty's service, having no money to buy a commission with.

Isa. And yet wishes for one?

Raf. Yes, madam—that I may fight for my king, first as an enign, and then—

Isa. Well, sir? [*Rafael gives her a paper which he has in his hand.*]

Raf. If your majesty will deign to peruse that paper, you will find that I am not without credentials, or unworthy of your bounty. I come recommended by an influential person—no less a one than the venerable Fraz Antonio, Grand Inquisitor.

Isa. [*Coldly.*] Indeed!

Raf. And there is the proof.

Isa. I was aware the Grand Inquisitor disposed at will of all places at Court, but I had yet to learn that his reverence wished to appropriate our armies to his service. Don Estunego, you have nothing to hope from me. Those who are protected by my enemies can scarce expect my favour. [*Tears the paper and throws it away.*] Sir, we decline your services. [*The sound of the horn is heard in the Forest. Enter Lords and Hunters, as looking for the Queen—they all bow on seeing her—she goes off—they follow, with Servants carrying torches. The sound of the horn is heard at a distance. The Stage, which had been well lighted by their torches, becomes very dark. Thunder and lightning.*]

Raf. A flat refusal, and left in the dark! It was all right till I mentioned the Grand Inquisitor. But it was not his fault. 'Tis my unlucky fate; and since neither heaven nor earth will have anything to do with me, why I must e'en try the devil. I will make him give me the honours and riches that others refuse me. [*Looking round.*] There's the tree!



[*Cock strikes ten.*] And there's the hour! Courage, courage—no r mbling now. [*Going towards the tree.*] Let me see—I must call n on him three times. 'T's a very awful moment—hem! Asmodeus! Asmodeus! Asmodeus! I command you to appear before m. ' There—it's done. [*After a short pause.*] He don't come! Yet I think I called him three times. I'll call him again. Asmodeus! Asmodeus! Asmodeus! [*Pause*] What, not yet? and I've called him six times. Won't you come, obstinate devil? rebellious devil! Answer my summons, I command you! No—he won't come. By the bye, when we call upon those we wish to serve us, we should always speak politely—I shouldn't wonder if devil's don't expect the same attention. [*Taking off his hat, and again turning towards the tree. Bows.*] Sir—Mr. Asmodeus—will you be so kind as to oblige me with a call? 'Tis on most particular business and I shall be most happy to make your acquaintance. [*Another pause.*] What, won't that do? No! nothing will succeed with me. What an unlucky dog I must be—even the devil won't have anything to do with me. Stay—I'll try the something system. [*Tu ns again towards the tree—speaks coaxingly*] Asmodeus—Asmodeus—Asmodeus! Pretty devil—interesting devil! I know you hear me—therefore, pray you, sweet, dear, darling little devil, answer.

Enter CARLO at the back, from the convent.

—*Carlo* There—that business is settled. Now for the Queen. [*Sees Rafael*] Hollo! who have we here? As I live, 'tis my sister's lover!

Raf. I'll try him once more. Asmodeus! Asmodeus! Asmodeus!

—*Carlo* [*Hiding himself behind tree.*] Why he's calling the devil! I wonder if he'll come—ha, ha, ha!

Raf. What, still silent?

—*Car.* [*Aside*] Poor young man!

Raf. Still no answer? Well, then, it's all up with me—for if you don't come, I swear by her who is dearer to me than life, that I will destroy myself, unless——

—*Carlo* Why he's going to kill himself. Oh, I must prevent that——*Speaking through the branches of the tree, a loud voice*] Who calls Asmodeus?

Raf. [*staggering back.*] He's coming!

Carlo. [*In the same tone.*] What's your business with me?

Raf. [*Still alarmed.*] I'm getting acquainted with the devil's rather a ticklish affair, though, after all. Why, Mr. Asmodeus, I wish for your protection, and——

—*Carlo* [*In the same tone.*] What form shall I come in? A hissing serpent—or a growling tiger—or—[*Speaking in his own voice*]—an humble minster!

Raf. The last, if you please, s r

—Carlo. [*Jumps down from tree, runs forward, and stands in attitude beside Rafael, who does not yet see him.*] Here I am, master.

Raf. Oh lor—[*Staggering back, looking round, and then down on Carlo.*] [*Aside.*] Oh what a little devil! You are come at last. You have kept me waiting long enough.

—Carlo. I came when I heard you. What would you?

Raf. I would have all my wishes granted.

—Carlo. [*Aside.*] Very moderate. And to enjoy such a privilege, what would you give me in return?

Raf. What? I give you—on—I have nothing to give.

—Carlo. Yes—your soul.

Raf. Upon my soul, I can't. I am a Spaniard, and a good Catholic.

—Carlo. [*Aside.*] 'Tis well. And yet I cannot serve you without interest.

Raf. Well, that is but fair. Servants should be paid—therefore whenever I may obtain through your assistance, we will share between us.

—Carlo. Prety good bargain for you! Well, I accept the terms. Then you agree to—

Raf. Give you half of everything I get—absolutely every thing.

—Carlo. [*Aside.*] The compact is admirable!

Raf. Oh, what an accommodating charming little devil! Now, then, we are partners. [*Aside.*] The Devil and Company!

—Carlo. Exactly so—on one condition—

Raf. [*Trembling.*] A condition! what is it?

—Carlo. [*So emnly*] You must swear never—

Raf. Oh, lord—

—Carlo. Never again to attempt your life.

Raf. Oh dear—is that all? I swear it solemnly.

—Carlo. Now, then, speak—what is your wish?

Raf. I wish to be a soldier. I would have a commission in the king's body guard.

—Carlo. You shall have it. [*Takes out pocket book.*] Your name—

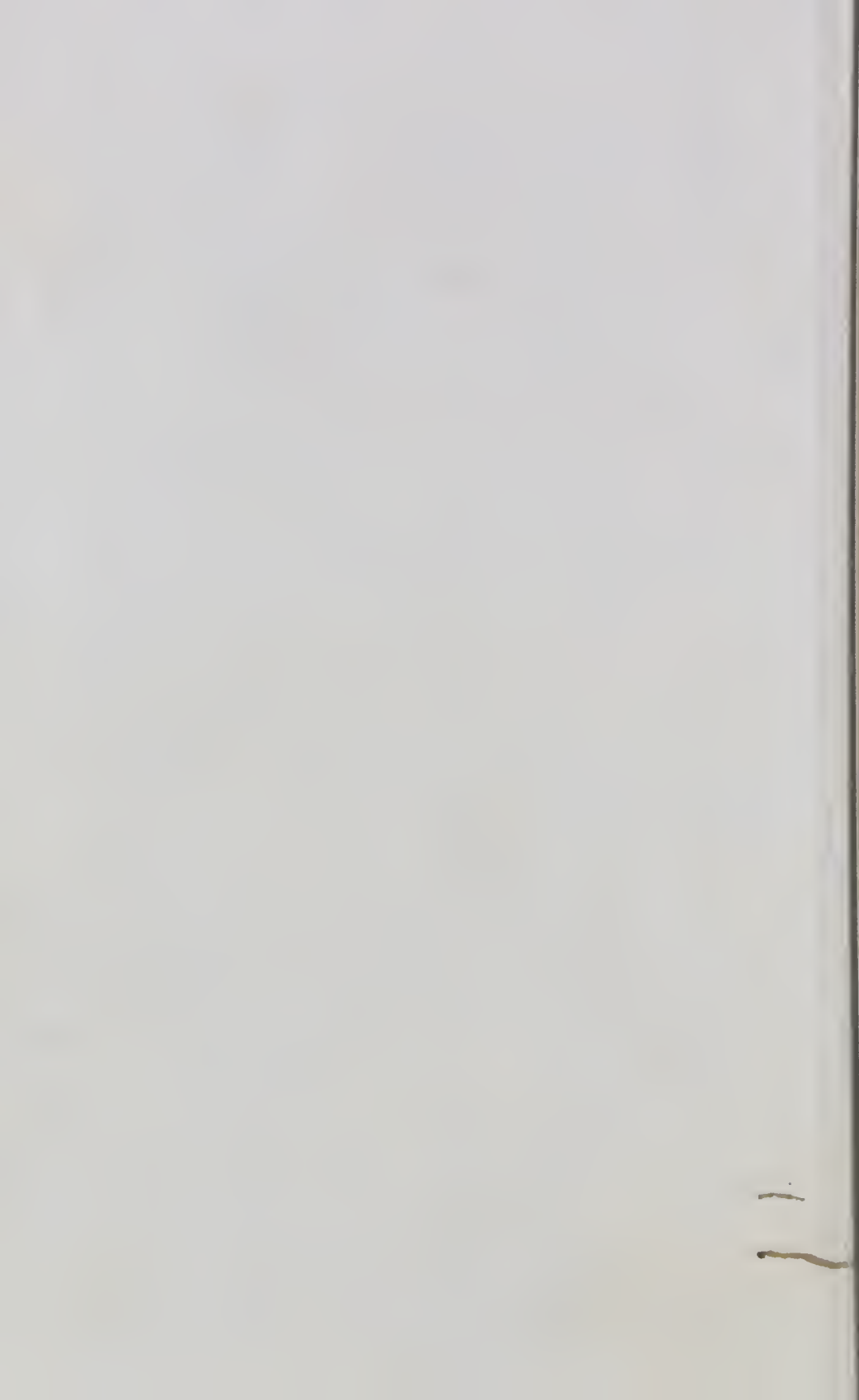
Raf. Rafael D'Estunego.

—Carlo. [*Looking at paper.*] Lucky chance—the very thing. [*Writes on it.*]

Raf. But when shall I have it?

—Carlo. [*Giving it.*] Now! [*Business a la Diab'e.*]

Raf. What, now? As I live, an Ensign's commission, filled up with my name! You are the most accommodating little devil—



Carlo. Remember your oath—you are never to speak of the compact which unites us; be prudent and prosperous, and if I am satisfied with your conduct——

Raf. The devil preaching morality! I should like my tutor to hear him. [*Noise of the horn and chase without*]

Carlo. [*As de.*] Ah! the hunters are returning, and the Queen will be expecting me. Good bye for the present. When next you see me, it will be as [*To Rafael.*] the Queen's page, and in the palace. Remember half of everything you get is mine. [*He goes to the bank takes the King's cloak which has been left there, and envelops himself in it, and crouches down, as Rafael advances towards him, he gradually raises himself, extending the cloak*] Whew [*During this business the sound of the horn is heard gradually increasing, and the Hunters enter and fall down on each side. Stage is dark except from the light of their torches.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II

SCENE I.—*A splendid apartment in the Royal Palace at Madrid. An archway in C., through which is seen other apartments. Doors on each side leading to the private rooms of King and Queen. A table on each side with books, ink-stand, &c. Chairs, lamp, &c.*

Enter ISABEL and CARLO, dressed as a Court Page.

Isa. Well, Carlo, you have done wonders. I think the King has some terrible secret which he keeps carefully concealed from me, but which still disturbs his mind. But tell me, Carlo, how do you account for this wonderful power of yours?

Carlo. Oh, dear madam, pray don't ask me. I mustn't tell. [*Aside.*] For a good reason—because I don't know myself.

Isa. I can never sufficiently prove my gratitude.

Carlo. Oh, don't, madam, don't say so—have you not raised me, a peasant boy, to be a Court page, and taken me in such favour than none here can understand, and are always wondering at—what could I wish for more?

Isa. And yet there is something that would please you better. Your sister, Carlo.

Carlo. Ah!

Isa. Would you not like to see her?

Carlo. Oh yes, madam

Isa. Well then, as we cannot spare you to go to her, she shall come to you.

Carlo. Is it possible?

Isa. Yes, she shall live in the palace. She shall be one of my maids of honour.

Carlo. Oh! when, madam!

Isa. To day, this morning—I have already sent for her, and am expecting her every moment, but no one in the palace must know she is your sister, for already our nobles murmur that you, a youth without name or title, should be allowed the entrée of our apartments—what, then, would their ladies say should we admit a simple peasant girl, and a milliner, to our especial favour?

Carlo. Oh! I will never tell any one that she is my sister.

Isa. She shall be known as Donna Teresa de Belmonte, a title I will bestow upon her, and which she shall for ever retain. The Queen of Spain, sir, can confer nobility.

Carlo. [*Kneels and kisses her hand.*] Oh! madam, the devotion of our lives can not repay your goodness.

Isa. Rise, Carlo, and hear my instructions. The Count de Medora, the grand master of our palace, who is devoted to my service, will conduct her to me by a private entrance. I have ordered him to keep her carefully concealed from observation; you will wait her arrival here, and conduct her to my apartments.

Carlo. I understand you, madam, and it will be the more necessary to keep her concealed, as the only person who could recognise her has this moment arrived at the palace.

Isa. Indeed! who is he?

Car. Count Ratael my protégé, the young man, to whom three months ago I gave the commission your majesty presented to me.

Isa. He must have been astonished at getting it, I—

Carlo. [*Aside.*] Yes, he was rather astonished.

Isa. I had just before refused him one.

Car. [*Aside.*] Yes, but he thinks his came from another branch of royalty. I hear he has conducted himself bravely, and fought like a lion; the dispatches which he brings to your majesty—

Isa. And which are expected this morning—

Carlo. Proves that he deserves reward.

Isa. [*Smiling.*] And that you would not be sorry to see him rise. [*Carlo bows.*] Well, we have thought of that. [*Pointing to papers on table at left.*] But you do not ask anything for yourself, Carlo

Carlo. Oh, madam! I do not think of myself. This young man he loves my sister—loves her truly—and though he may never be my brother—

Isa. Silence! some one comes.



Enter Noble.

Noble. Don Estunego, Ensign in the King's body guard, wishes for an audience of your majesty.

Isa. Admit him. [*Noble bows and exits. Carlo wheels an arm chair forward, the Queen seats herself, Carlo stands at her right. Enter RAFAEL.*]

Raf. [*Kneeling, presents his dispatches, the Queen takes them from him.*] The general, sir, has sent me with these dispatches to your majesty. [*Sees Carlo.*] Asmodeus as I live! Ah! I remember, he told me I should see him in the palace. Well, since he is here, I'll make use of him—it's no use having a friend at court if you can't. Asmod-us! Asmodeus! get me a captain's commission. [*Carlo nods and signs.*]

Isa. The general, sir, speaks very highly of you and recommends you strongly to our favour. Nevertheless, I am displeased with him, for sending such important dispatches simply by an ensign.

Raf. Oh, this won't do. Asmodeus—what are you thinking of? you must get me a captain's commission.

Isa. And to remedy the general's oversight, and as a fit reward for your bravery, you are now a captain; there is your commission.

Raf. Oh! I know he'd do it—now I must have some money, I can't keep up the dignity of captain without. Asmodeus! get me some money.

Isa. And as a further proof of our regard, and that you may not be without the fitting appointments of captain, here is an order on our treasury, for six hundred ducats.

Raf. Oh, ma'am, I thank—[*Aside.*—Asmodeus!

Isa. And now good bye, captain, we wish you every success. [*Exits into her apartment.*]

Raf. Well, Asmodeus certainly is a clever little devil! Why I can hardly believe it; but three months in the army and a captain. Oh! the devil's in it, and the money, too. Well, now then, I'll be off. [*Going.*]

—**Carlo.** [*Coming forward.*] I want you.

Raf. Hey?

—**Carlo.** I want you.

Raf. Nonsense! it can't be—consider, it's only three months yet—on sides, there was nothing of that sort in our compact. [*Going.*]

—**Carlo.** [*Preventing him.*] I tell you, I want you. [*Holding out his hand.*] My share!

Raf. [*Astonished.*] What did you say?

—**Carlo.** [*Still in the same attitude.*] My share—half!

Raf. Hey? oh, yes, I remember—well, but you know—

Carlo I will have half, according to our compact; the captaincy or the money, which ever you please.

Raf. Well, he keeps his word with me, and certainly is a most gentlemanly little devil; there's no denying—so I suppose I must, according to our articles of partnership. We can't divide the captain, so here's the money.

Carlo. Right, I am satisfied—now I think you had better go, therefore, good bye, good bye, captain. [*Holds out his hand to him but Rafael draws back they shake hands. Exit Carlo.*]

Raf. How devilish hot his hand is. Hollo! why surely—no, it can't be—hy, yes it is—my old tutor, I declare. I wonder what he does here?

Enter VARGOS, looking after Carlo.

Var. I'd give something handsome to know where that boy dropped from, he knows everything and every body, and yet nobody knows him, nor where he came from, or who his father was. I don't believe he ever had a father.

Raf. Why, Gil Vargos, my respected tutor, is that you?

Var. And my worthy pupil? Yes, it's me.

Raf. Who are you looking after?

Var. Did you see that boy?

Raf. What he that went out of this apartment but now?

Var. Yes, do you know him?

Raf. Oh yes, I know him very well.

Var. I think he's the very devil!

Raf. You've just hit it—that's him, he is the devil in disguise.

Var. I thought so.

Raf. But tell me, what office do you hold here?

Var. Who me? Oh! bless you, I'm only an usher—I don't wish to speak ill of anybody, but the Grand Inquisitor doesn't use me well.

Raf. No! how's that?

Var. No! oh, bless you, no—he uses me very ill, very ill. It isn't that I would speak ill of anybody, but he does use me shamefully—abominably. Besides, do you know I think he's no quite so powerful at court as he was?

Raf. No? When you have lost your protector.

Var. Yes, bless you, I give him up; but you seem to have found friends—you seem to be getting on in the world: how do you manage it? you have got powerful protection I suppose, hey?

Raf. Yes, ah! yes, I have—my protector is more powerful than Fraz Antonio or the Queen herself. I've only been in the army three months, and am already a captain.

Var. No!

Raf. Yes, I received my appointment this very day. If you like I'll introduce you.

Var. Do. I shall be very much obliged to you, for I have made up my mind never to stick to falling men. He's a falling man—I alw ys stick to rising men. Now you are a rising man, I'll stick to you.

Raf. But what can be your motive for leaving the Grand Inquisitor?

Var. Why, I'll tell. You know I told you before, that I was in the secret of the King's illness.

Raf. Yes—well?

Var. Well, then, his majesty fell in love with a young girl. Well then she was to be carried off, and taken to Aranjuez, there to be kept—to be carried off, you understand—well, then, the King said to Fraz Antonio, “Who's to do it?” and Fraz Antonio says to me, “Who's to do it?” so I said, “Ave, there's the rub—who's to do it?” “Well, then, you must,” said the Grand Inquisitor and he promised me an immense reward—so I did it. Well, the young girl didn't like her prison, I suppose, so she jumped out of the window and was drowned in the lake; so the King went mad. The Grand Inquisitor washes his hands of the affair—he didn't do it and in that case what becomes of me, who did do it? Why, you see, if the young girl's disappearance and death should be found out, why I shall be given up—therefore, I say, the Grand Inquisitor doesn't use me well.

Raf. Well but what should make you think the affair will be found out?

Var. Why, you see for the last three months everything has gone the wrong with them—in fact, the Devil seems to have set his cloven foot in the palace, and——

Raf. Oh yes—he has!

Var. The King seems cured of his sickness—the Queen, who was in disgrace, is more in favour than ever—the Grand Inquisitor is not admitted to their councils, and but scarcely obtains audience of their majesties, while a beardless boy—whom nobody knows—can gain admittance into the queen's apartments at all hours unannounced, and has a most incomprehensible influence over all.

Raf. Oh, I dare say he does!

Var. But now he was in this very apartment tete-a-tete with the Queen.

Raf. Y-s. Oh, I believe it.

Var. He went out as I came in.

Raf. What, a blue dress—scarlet and gold?

Var. Yes, exactly. Isn't it astonishing?

Raf. Not the least—I can explain it all.

Var. What do you mean?

Raf. Simply this. That he is my protector—or, rather, we are partners.

Var. Nonsense!

Raf. [*In a whisper—looking round.*] He's the devil?

Var. Oh, humbug!

Raf. True, I assure you. Don't you remember I told you I'd call upon the devil when all else failed? Well, I did—and he came.

Var. Nonsense! Did he, though? Wasn't you frightened? Are you sure he isn't an impostor?

Enter CARLO from the back.

Raf. Shall I convince you?

Var. I must say I can't believe it.

Raf. When I first saw him he appeared to me as a peasant boy—but now I found him here splendidly dressed, and in attendance on the Queen as one of her pages. He got me my captain's commission, and in the fight I rushed into every danger—balls flying about in every direction—but I was un hurt, you see. Of course I knew that he would protect me.

Carlo. It strikes me my protection will cost this foolish young man his life!

Var. Ridiculous! Why you'll get killed if you go on in this way.

Raf. Ah, that's what they all said, but you see I was not even wounded, and gained honour and reward. See—here is my captain's commission—read it—[*Gives it him.*]

Var. Quite correct, I declare. [*Returns it.*]

Raf. If you like I'll introduce you, and he shall protect you. [*Carlo gets unperceived into the arm chair before which they are standing.*]

Var. Oh, nonsense, my dear boy—he's bamboozling you. He's an impostor—I'm sure he is.

Raf. I'd advise you to be more particular in your expressions. I shouldn't wonder if he was not far off at this very moment.

Carlo. [*In attitude in the chair.*] Boo! [*Both sends one into one corner, and the other to the other—Carlo jumps off the chair, and goes menacing to Vargas.*]

Carlo. Who's an impostor?

Var. I didn't say anything—'twas he. Lor bless you, no—I don't say anything.

Carlo. [*To Rafael.*] You here, still?

Raf. Yes. I want you to do me another favour before I go—

Carlo. [*Aside.*] Indeed! That may not be so easy. [*To him.*] Well, what do you want?

Raf. I want you to get me some money. I want six thousand ducats.

Carlo. You do? Why, what can you want with such a sum?

Var. There, I told you so! He's got no money—he's nothing but an impostor!

Raf. I wish for it, that I may travel over the world in search of the lovely girl whom I have lost, and to find her I would run every hazard.

Carlo. But is there no other way of finding her without sending so enormous a sum?

Raf. True—true. Besides it would be useless to give myself so much trouble. I had forgot you were here to aid me, I command you to make her appear—now, this very moment—before me! [*As Carlo is going up the Scage, enter from the top the Count Medora, conducting Casilda.*]

Carlo. [*Aside.*] Ah my sister! [*He turns away his face to prevent Casilda from recognising him.*]

Raf. Ah! 'tis she, indeed! Casilda, my love—

Casi. Ah! the young student!

Var. Nonsense, man! that young woman's dead. She's been dead these three months.

Med. Back, sir! My orders are to allow no one to speak with this young lady.

Raf. [*Aside to Carlo.*] Who is that old man?

Carlo. He has great power here—you had better obey.

Raf. Never! I will speak to her, therefore I command you to take the old gentleman away.

Carlo. No.

Raf. No! why not?

Carlo. Because in all services I was to perform for you I was to be an equal sharer. What should I do with half that old man?

Raf. True, true. Well, then, I'll speak to her in spite of him. [*Goes to Casilda.*]

Med. Sir, this insolence in the Queen's apartments is not to be borne—I arrest you!

Var. You'd better submit, my dear boy—it will be worse for you if you don't.

Raf. Oh, no sense! Asmodeus must protect me. By what right do you arrest me, sir?

Med. I am governor of the palace. [*Calling off.*] What ho—a guard! [*Enter Guard.*] Place that young man under arrest for three days.

Raf. But, sir, I—

Med. For four!

Raf. Asmodeus—Asmodeus—this w n't do——

Med. For eight!

Var. Don't my dear boy—don't. You had better go

Carlo. [*Aside to Rafael.*] Besides, eight days are ~~scen~~
passed——

Raf. No—not eight!

Carlo. He said eight.

Raf. Yes: but then there's your share, you know.

Carlo. [*Smiling.*] True—I had forgot that.

Raf. Ah, I thought you had.

Med. Away with him!

Raf. I follow you.

[*Exit with Guards, at back*]

Var. I must go and look after him, and see what is to be done with that little impostor. I know he's a humbug—I'm sure of it, and I'll find it out! [*Exit at back*]

Med. In obedience to the Queen's commands, I give this young lady to your care. You will see her safely conducted to her majesty [*Exit at back.*]

Carlo. You are agitated, sister—what is the matter?

Casi. Oh, no, brother——

Carlo. Hush! that name must never be pronounced here—you must forget I am your brother, if you would remain here. It is the Queen's command that none should know our relationship. You must call me Count Broschi.

Casi. Yes, brother—I mean, Count Broschi——[*Curtseys.*]

Carlo. Very well. Now, tell me—was it not the sight of that young man caused your agitation?

Casi. Oh, no, bro—I mean, Count—I always seem expecting to see him; but the other—the elderly one—I am sure he is the same——

Carlo. Who do you mean?

Casi. The same, who I told you carried me to the great house where the nobleman was.

Carlo. Ah! Are you sure he is the same?

Casi. Oh, yes—quite sure, bro—I mean, Count.

Casi. So base an action shall not go unpunished! Ha—see here is the King coming this way! Go, sister—demand justice of him.

Enter KING FERDINAND.

Casi. [*Not looking at the King, knels at his feet*] Justice, sir—justice——

Ferd. Great heaven! that voice again! Her shade pursues me!

Casi. [*Running to Carlo.*] Oh, brother—save me! save me!

Carlo. What is the matter

Casi. That is the gentleman to whose house I was taken

Carlo. Hush—that is the King!

Casi. The King?

Carlo. Hem! It strikes me I begin to see through his majesty's sickness. A pretty situation I've got into here, truly. The King's remorse is for her supposed death, no doubt. At all hazards, I will relieve his mind. [*Goes to the King, who has fallen into an arm chair.*] What has thus disturbed your majesty?

Ferd. Carlo, again my malady returns. But now the shade flitted across the apartment, and craved for justice.

Carlo. Was it that of a young girl?

Ferd. Yes, yes—I was the cause of her death.

Carlo. Your majesty is deceived. That young girl yet lives, and 'twas her you saw

Ferd. Is it possible? Am I so blessed? [*Rises, and is going towards Casilda as Queen Isabel enters from her apartment—he again falls into the chair*]

Carlo. The Queen, sir—

Isa. Ah! Carlo, then, has discovered his secret!

Carlo. So, so—now, then I am master of his secret!

Isa. [*Aside to Carlo.*] Carlo, come to my apartments in half an hour. You know the cause of the King's despair—I would have you tell it me. [*Carlo bows to her*]

Ferd. [*Aside to Carlo.*] Carlo, come to my apartment in half an hour. Not a word to the Queen, as you expect my favour. [*Carlo bows*]

Carlo. [*Aside to Casilda.*] On your life, not a word of this to the Queen.

Isa. [*Taking Casilda by the hand and going—aside to Carlo*] You understand, Carlo? [*Carlo bows. Exit the Queen into her apartments, taking Casilda with her.*]

Ferd. Carlo, remember—in half an hour. [*Carlo bows. Exit the King into his apartment.*]

Carlo. A very pretty situation I'm in, truly! Now, Mr. Asmodeus, I think your devilship will find some difficulty in getting out of this. The King is in love with my sister, and wants to make me his confidant. I've a great mind to go and tell the Queen every thing. No, no, Carlo, that won't do—for she loves her husband dearly, and it would break her heart to know he loved another. Besides, to give her so much pain would be an ungrateful return for her unbounded kindness. No, no—I will not betray the King, or grieve my benefactress. This young madman, too, who is now at Court—should he see her again there is no telling what might happen. If his majesty was to discover he was his rival, it would certainly destroy all his prospects. It was fortunate

— *hi* being lock'd up for eight days. Ah! I have it—before he he can get out, and spoil all, I'll give up all my schemes of ambition. I'll leave the court secretly this very night, and take my sister with me. [*Going—Rafael runs on, out of breath, from the back.*]

Raf. Here I am!

— *Carlo.* I thought you were locked up for eight days?

Raf. Four—four!

— *Carlo.* [*Impatiently.*] Well, eight, or four—it's not of much consequence.

Raf. Oh, isn't it, though? I should think it was. If you remember, when you and I entered into partnership, there was no grudge as to who should be locked up first.

Carlo. Well—

Raf. So after they had locked me up I jumped out of the window.

— *Carlo.* And you were not hurt?

Raf. Oh, no. It was rather high, to be sure—about fifteen feet—but thinks I, there's no danger—Asmodeus must protect me.

— *Carlo.* [*Aside.*] His firm reliance on my devilship will certainly be the death of him. But what want you here now?

Raf. I came to find my beloved Casilda, you little devil! I am so much obliged to you for making her appear before me. She's the same—

— *Carlo.* Whom you used to look at from your windows?

Raf. What did you know that?

— *Carlo.* And for whose sake you spent all your money in gowns, petticoats, caps, bonnets, and thingame's—

Raf. Oh, he knows it all—he knows everything!

— *Carlo.* [*Very seriously.*] Yes; and it is because I know all, that I, your protector, warn you to forget that young girl—to fly from her!

Raf. Why? what for?

— *Carlo.* If you see her again—if you speak to her—if her hand but touches yours, every misfortune will befall you.

Raf. Oh! Well, why should I care? You must protect me.

— *Carlo.* You will be lost for ever!

Raf. But you'll find me again. But why—tell me why?

— *Carlo.* Why! Since you will not give her up without, earn, that you who boasted of being a good Catholic and a Spaniard—who refused to give me your soul—

Raf. Certainly. I would refuse you again.

— *Carlo.* Hear, then. She whom you love, and to whom you would give yourself—she is of my race—she is of my family—



Raf. Oh horrible!

—*Carlo.* In fact, she is my sister!

Raf. Your sister? And she looked so beautiful—so innocent—

—*Carlo.* Oh, that's nothing. We can change our appearance at pleasure. You have known her only as a simple peasant—the next time you see her she may be a beggar girl, or in splendid attire, and in attendance on the Queen.

Raf. Can it be possible?

—*Carlo.* [*Goes to arm chair on right and sits at table, writing.*] Remember, I have warned you.

Enter from her apartments, QUEEN ISABEL, leaning on the arm of Casilda who is splendidly dressed.

Raf. There she is, sure enough—and in attendance on the Queen. She's devilish pretty!

Isa. I shall see you again in the evening. Donna Theresa.

Raf. Donna Theresa!

Isa. Carlo, follow me instantly.

—*Carlo.* Must I leave them alone? But, madam I—

Isa. I command you, sir, to obey. Donna Theresa will remain until our return. [*Exit at back.*]

—*Carlo.* Well, I suppose I must obey. [*Goes to Casilda.*] Remember what I told you [*Goes to Rafael.*] Remember—
[*Exit at back.*]

Casi. I wonder whether he'll speak to me!

Raf. She certainly is a beautiful devil! I'd better go, or I shall never be able to resist speaking to her.

Casi. He's going! Perhaps he doesn't know me.

Raf. It is no use—I give myself up—I must! I can't help it, so here goes! Casilda!

Casi. Sir, I thought you had forgotten me. What has become of the flames you spoke of? Your burning vows are soon extinguished.

Raf. [*Leaving her.*] There—why did she speak of flames and burning? [*Looks at her again.*] It's no use—the devil must have me, for I can't resist him in such a shape. Dear Casilda, I love you more than ever!

Casi. Dear Rafael! [*Giving him her hand, which he takes.*]

Raf. How hot her hand is! My beautiful Casilda—
[*Kneeling at her feet, and kissing her hand.*]

Enter the KING, followed by FRAZ ANTONIO, GIL VARGOS, Inquisitor's Guards, &c.

Casi. The King! we are lost! [*Exit into the Queen's apartments.*]

Ferd. Let that young man be instantly arrested! [*He is seized.*]

Raf. These are the misfortunes Asmodeus warned me of! Well, he must get me out of the scrape.

Var. [*Aside to Rafael*] Nonsense, my dear boy! I told you he was no hing but an impostor. He is arrested himself

—*Enter CARLO, from back, guarded by two Inquisitors*

Carlo [*Struggling with them.*] Why is this violence—and of what am I accused?

Var. You see he's an impostor! Don't you feel frightened? You'll both be burnt!

Raf. [*Quite indifferent.*] Nonsense, my dear boy! You'll see he'll get out of it.

Carlo. At least tell me of what I am accused.

Ant. You are accused of sorcery, and that young man is your accomplice. The King alone can save you, and he will not dispute the authority of the Inquisition.

Carlo. Is it possible your majesty can sanction this senseless folly? Will you suffer me to be torn from you in this brutal way, and on so ridiculous an accusation?

Ferd. No! I command you to leave this youth at liberty. He is our especial favourite, and has the promise of our protection.

Ant. Yet, sire, your order—

Ferd. Had no design on this boy, therefore I will be obeyed. For the other, let him be instantly conveyed to the Inquisition.

Raf. Partner! Partner! This won't do. You must protect me!

Carlo. [*Aside.*] At least I'll try! [*Aloud.*] Of what is he accused?

Ant. Of sorcery.

Carlo. [*Aside to the King.*] Your majesty, that young man must be saved!

Ferd. Must? Impossible! He has dared to offer insult to innocence and virtue—here, in this very apartment! I found him on his knees to that young girl.

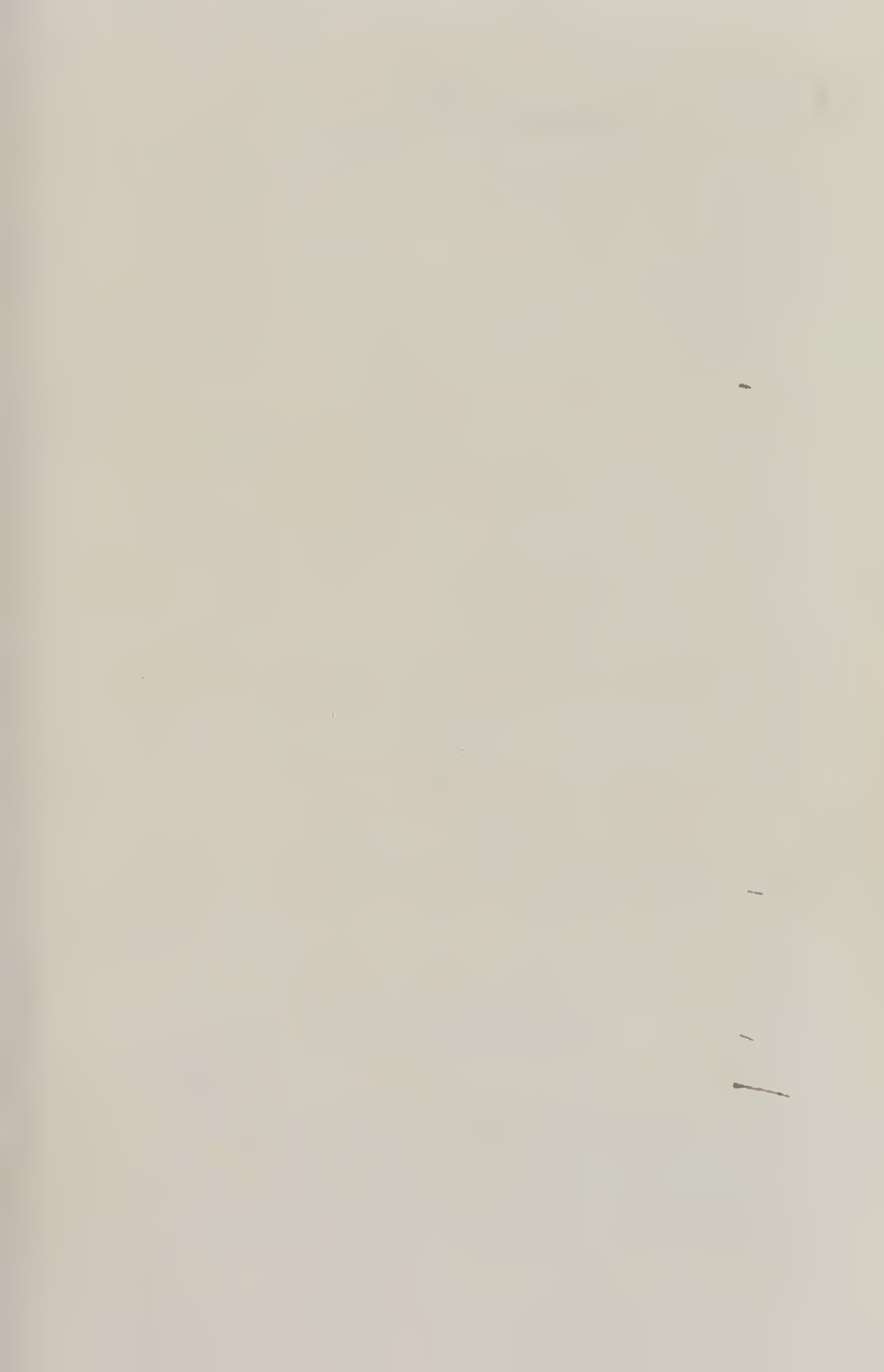
Carlo. [*Aside.*] Then, I fear me he is lost indeed!

Ant. Away with him!

Carlo. Ah, I have it! Now for a lie to save him! Your majesty must save that young man. He is the husband of that girl, and if he dies you will lose her, for she loves her husband, and will hate you for destroying him.

Ferd. True, true—and that must not be. Don Rafael, you are free. This noble youth has proved to us the injustice of the accusation.

Raf. [*Capering about.*] I knew he'd do it—I knew he'd do it!



Ferd. And, as a reward for your unjust detention, you are now colonel of your regiment.

Raf. [*Kneels, and kisses the King's hand.*] Oh, your majesty how shall I express my gratitude to—[*Aside.*]—Asmodeus!

Var. He must certainly be the devil! But I'm determined to find it out. [*Exit unobserved.*]

Ferd. You may retire, sirs—we would be alone. [*They all exit*] Carlo, remember—be faithful—be secret. Follow me to my chamber. [*Exit.*]

—*Carlo.* [*To Rafael*] Anything else I can do for you?

Raf. Think ye, no—not just now.

—*Carlo.* [*Aside.*] Certainly there is no denying I am a clever little devil. [*Exit,*]

Re-enter GIL VARGOS, with a pistol in his hand.

Raf. Well, what do you think of him now, eh?

Var. Why I must confess it rather staggers me. But bless you, no—it can't be. He's an impostor—I know he is. [*Examining his pistol.*] And I'm determined to find him out.

Raf. Why, what have you got there? What are you going to do with that?

Var. [*Looking cautiously round.*] Why, you see—I know he's a humbug—I'm sure he's an impostor. I've made up my mind to find it out, and I'll shoot him!

Raf. You're wasting your time. You can't hurt him, I tell you.

Var. I don't care—I'll try.

Enter Attendant.

Attendant. Gil Vargos, his highness, the Grand Inquisitor, desires you'll instantly wait on him in his private apartment. [*Attendant is going.*]

Var. I beg your pardon, I hope I don't trespass on your valuable time, but may I beg you will tell his highness, I'll wait upon him in a pig's whisper. [*Exit Attendant.*]

CARLO enters at back unperceived.

Raf. Why, my respected tutor, you are a complete slave to the Grand Inquisitor.

Var. Yes, you're right, you're right—but I mean to get out of it after to-night—important dispatches from the court of Turin will arrive to-night in which my name will be implicated as an accomplice, to repudiate the Queen—I intend to destroy them, and then, I can defy Fraz Antonio—but I must go now.

—*Carlo.* [*At the back.*] I must have that dispatch somehow. [*Retires.*]

Raf. And I will try once more to see that lovely girl before I leave the place, for I am determined to marry her! Adieu, adieu. [*Exit.*]

Var. Well, I'll just leave this pistol here till I return. I know he's an impostor. Besides, if he is the devil, I can't hurt him. It's loaded up to the muzzle—there's a bullet, I'll just put that in it. [*Puts the bullet in pistol, places it on left table, looks cautiously round, exit.*]

Enter Grand Inquisitor, *FRAZ ANTONIO* from left side entrance, and *CARLO* at back

Aut. Every hour my power diminishes; all seem to desert my cause; could I but succeed in poisoning the mind of the King—could I but persuade him the Queen was leagued against him—she would then be removed, and I regain the control I once possessed over the feeble mind of Ferdinand. Ever since that unknown little urchin has been in the palace, all seems to be well again. I must get rid of him secretly. Gil Vargas, too, he seems but lukewarm in the cause. Well, no matter, once I have the dispatch that will arrive this evening, he, also, shall be disposed of. I will keep faith with the court of Turin, and reign as viceroy over Spain. [*Goes to table on R. H., sits in arm chair, takes out papers.* Here is an order for the arrest of Gil Vargas, and here is another for his execution. I'll place them here in this drawer, where none will dare to remove them. Now, then, for the King [*Exit R. H. side entrance*]

Carlo. [*Coming forward.* What an amiable creature! It shall be my task to try and prevent his schemes succeeding. [*Takes out papers from drawer.*] The Queen is right—he is indeed her foe. Could I but obtain proof of his treachery, all might be well. That dispatch I must have—and I must see the Queen instantly. [*Goes to table R. H.—sits in arm chair, and writes.*] Yes, this will inform her I have important and serious business to communicate. There's no ink—perhaps there's some on the other table. [*Goes to table L. H.—sees pistol, takes it up.*] Hollo! what have we here? a pistol! how came it here? I wonder if it's loaded. [*Tries it.*] Up to the muzzle, I declare. [*Draws out bullet.*] There's some mystery here—but I'll take care there shall be no mischief. [*Puts bullet in vest.*] This I'll keep. Oh! there's the ink. [*Takes up inkstand—goes to other table and writes.*]

Enter VARGOS.

Ah! Gil Vargas! I begin to suspect—I'll watch him closely.

Var. [*Advancing on tiptoe.*] Ah! there he is. I know he's an impostor—so now I'll try the experiment. [*Goes to table, and takes up pistol.*]

Carlo. He's got the pistol. Oh, oh! I was right! Let him try.

Var. I'll try—but somehow I feel rather queer. If he's the devil, it can't hurt him. I wish it would go off of itself—but I'm

determined to try, so here goes [*Fires—Carlo starts up in a.titude—laughs.*] Didn't it hurt you?

—*Carlo.* No! on the contrary, it was ra her agreeable!

Var. I'm satisfi d—h 's the devil sure enough! I suppose I'd better go down on my knees.

—*Carlo.* The bal you see pa sed just through here—[*Pointing to his back and then putting his hand in his vest, draws out the bullet, drops it on the floor.*]—and came out there. Ha, ha, ha! Fool! you cannot hurt me. [*A Page appears at back, Carlo beckons him forward In a half whisper.*] Give this letter to the Queen instantly. [*Exit Page. Vargos is stealing off.*] I want you.

Var. Hey? if you have no objection—I have got a little business, and—

—*Carlo.* I want you! [*Stamps his foot.*] Come nearer. [*Stamps his foot again.*] Nearer, I say! [*Vargus draws near, and falls on his knees.*]

Var. I suppose it's all up with me. What must I do? I'll do anything you bid me, if you'll only forgive. I'll be your slave!

—*Carlo.* 'Tis well! Do you know what will happen to you to-night?

Var. Haven't the least idea in life.

—*Carlo.* You'll be arrested, and then hanged!

Var. Nonsense—drop it!

—*Carlo.* You'll be dropped! I'll come and see you hung! I'm fond of pleasure!

Var. Pleasure, you call it! I'll sell myself to you, if you'll save me! You'll shall have me a bargain!

—*Carlo.* I will on one condition,

Var. Name it.

—*Carlo.* Give me the dispatch you received just now.

Var. I would, but I haven't received it yet.

—*Carlo.* [*Stamps his foot.*] Slave!

Var. Well, I suppose it's no use—he knows everything. [*Gives it him.*] There it is.

—*Carlo.* 'Tis well—*Aside.*]—I have it, and now if the Queen but gran s the interview I have so earnestly requested, all will be well.

Var. Now what will you give me in return?

—*Carlo.* My protection, a d safety from the Grand Inquisitor, Fraz Anton'o.

Var. Well, he does keep his word. He is a gentlemanly little devil there's no denying.

Enter QU EN ISABEL from back

Isa. [*To Vargos.*] We would be alone, sir. [*Vargos bows to the Queen, exit through the back*]

Carlo. Oh! madam, I am so glad you are come.

Isa. What would you, Carlo? I came instantly I received your summons. You would see me, you say, on matters concerning my future welfare and happiness. You would speak of the King, then?

Carlo. Yes, madam.

Isa. The secret, Carlo—why not have confided it to me before? Why not tell me the cause of all his secret grief?

Carlo. 'Tis not of that I would speak. Beside, I am not yet in possession of the facts. I beg of your majesty, not to press me on that point. Should I succeed in frustrating your enemies, you shall know all. Thus much, I am at liberty to tell you—your enemies are in league with the court of Turin, to separate you from the King, and then engage him to form an alliance with a Princess of Sardinia.

Isa. Can it be possible? are you sure of this, Carlo?

Carlo. More, madam! I have proof that Fraz Antonio, is in secret correspondence with that court and that through one Gil Vargas, a usher in the palace, he will this night receive dispatches which will prove his treachery.

Isa. Oh! could you but obtain for me such a proof.

Carlo. I will, madam—I swear it.

Isa. Dear boy, you are indeed a faithful servant. Ask of me what you will—I will refuse you nothing.

Carlo. For once, I will take your majesty at your word. This very hour, let my sister be secretly married to Don Ratael D'Estunego.

Isa. What means this contradiction Carlo? but two hours since, you were most earnest in your wish to have them separated.

Carlo. I cannot explain, madam—but trust to me; 'tis not for myself I make this request, nor for them, so much as for the happiness of your majesty.

Isa. How? I cannot understand—

Carlo. It is absolutely necessary to the plan we were speaking of. One word from your majesty to his uncle, will reconcile him to the match.

Isa. Without doubt—but within the hour, I have learnt that the Duke D'Estunego, his uncle, who has been long ill, died but now, leaving his nephew, whom he had not time to disinherit, a fortune of six hundred thousand ducats. How then, should I be justified in engaging so rich a gentleman to so poor a lady.

Carlo. And yet it must be, madam. Ask me not why, but rely on my fidelity. there is no other way to save your majesty. Should the King even speak to your majesty of this union, you must say you knew of it three months ago.

Isa. 1?

Carlo. You must do more, you must say you saw the contract signed, and even honoured the ceremony with your presence, at Notre Dame des Bois.

Isa. But, Carlo, why all this mystery?

Carlo. Trust to me, my benefactress. The time is not far off when all shall be explained.

Isa. I will trust you, Carlo. I believe you are grateful to you Queen, and that you would do everything to serve her. Hush—some one comes!

Carlo. How unfortunate! When shall I see your majesty?

Isa. In half an hour, come to my apartment. All shall be ready as you wish. [*Exit into apartments*]

Carlo. Now then, if I can but get them married—[*He sits in chair by table at right.*]

Enter GIL VARGOS and RAFAEL.

Raf. Why, Vargas, yours is a much worse bargain than mine.

Var. Yes. I've brought my pigs to a pretty market, haven't I?

Carlo. I wish I could get rid of that old fellow for half an hour!

Raf. Ah, Asmodeus—is that you? That's fortunate!

Var. I say, my boy—just keep on that side, will you?

Carlo. What would you now?

Raf. I want some money.

Carlo. A very fashionable complaint just now. How much would content you?

Raf. Why while we are about it, you may as well let me have a good round sum.

Var. That's right, my boy—get as much as you can, then you can oblige me with change.

Carlo. Tired of being a poor man, you would be a rich one, I suppose?

Raf. Well, yes—just as you please.

Carlo. There, it's done—have your wish! [*Business a la Diable*]

Raf. Hey! what is it done?

Var. Well I don't see any change, do you?

Raf. Well, I can't say I do.

Var. Feel in your pockets. [*Rafael feels in his pockets.*]—We have got any!

Raf. No. Partner, what's the meaning of this?

Carlo. Your uncle is dead, and has left you his sole heir.

Raf. Is that a fact?

Carlo. I never deceive you.

Var. No, no—he never does. I must own he is a most gentlemanly devil.

Raf. True—true!

Var. Then you are now worth six hundred thousand ducats.

Carlo. Three—three hundred thousand.

Var. I beg your pardon. I'm the last man in the world to contradict, but I happen to know the amount of the duke's rent roll, therefore I can speak with certainty. I assure you it is six hundred thousand.

Carlo. I say three.

Raf. Are you not mistaken, Asmodeus? My uncle was always accounted worth six hundred thousand ducats.

Carlo. I do not deny that.

Raf. Well, but—

Carlo. My share!

Var. Well, if he is a devil, he's a devil of a usurer!

Raf. Well, that is but fair.

Var. [*Aside.*] Nonsense, my dear boy—no such thing! Why you don't mean to be such a fool?

Carlo. [*Overhearing him.*] Silence, slave!

Var. I'm dumb!

Raf. There, you see—it's no use! He knows everything. You can't deceive him.

Carlo. Anything else I can do for you?

Raf. Yes, there is—and I may as well mention it at once. You know that bewitching little devil—I mean your sister, Asmodeus.

Carlo. Well?

Raf. I've made up my mind to marry.

Var. Nonsense, my dear boy! you wouldn't go to marry a she-devil? You can't be serious!

Raf. But I am—though—and I wish to marry her immediately.

Carlo. [*Aside*] Ah! [*To Rafael.*] You do?

Raf. Yes. I don't care whether she's an angel or a devil. She's devilish pretty, and I will have her!

Var. Well, it will only be a *Lucifer* match!

Carlo. You have made up your mind—

Raf. Yes—I'm determined!

Var. Don't, my dear boy! Consider—there may be a lot of little Lucifers—a whole box full!

Carlo. [*Buiness a la Diable*] You are married!

Raf. How do you mean?

Carlo. 'Tis done!

Raf. Oh, it's done—and I'm married!

Var. What, didn't you know you was married?

Raf. 'Pon my soul, no!

A Servant announces the KING, who enters, attended.

Ferd. Sir, we congratulate you on your marriage, of which we heard but to day.

Raf. I thank your majesty. But may I take the liberty of enquiring from whom you heard of it?

Ferd. Certainly. From Carlo, there——

Raf. Oh, from Carlo!

Carlo. Yes colonel.

Ferd. Next from the Queen—who, we hear, was witness to the contract, and honoured the ceremony with her presence.

Raf. Oh she did! Upon my word, I am very much obliged to her majesty! [*Aside.*] Cuisse me if I was there myself!

Ferd. Sir, we approve your choice, and hence-forth will attach you to our person. A suite of apartments shall be assigned you and your lady in the palace.

Raf. Oh, your majesty—I cannot express my thanks to— [*Aside.*]—Asmodeus! [*Kneels, and kisses the King's hand* The King and Attendants *exit into apartments*, R. H. *Rafael now seems completely beside himself*] I'm married—I'm married—there can't be a doubt of it! The King says I am—the Queen says she was present at the ceremony and Asmodeus knows it! Oh I'm the happiest dog in the world—and she's the most beautiful little devil in the world! Well, as I'm married, I'll go and seek for my wife——[*Rafael is running off.*]

Carlo. I want you——

Raf. What for?

Carlo. Where are you going to?

Raf. To look for my wife, to be sure. [*He is running off again.*]

Carlo. [*Stamping his foot*] Stay, I say! My share!

Raf. Hey! what? I'll see you—My wife's my wife!

Var. That's right, my boy. Don't halve her—don't halve her!

Carlo. [*Laughing. Aside.*] Now then to see if all is prepared. Remember our compact. I got her for you—half of every thing—absolutely everything—my share!

Enter CASILDA

Casi [*To Carlo.*] The Queen desires your immediate presence in her private apartment.

Carlo. I attend her majesty. [*To Casilda.*] Remember my instructions. [*To Rafael.*] Remember——[*Exit Carlo, a la Diable.*]

Raf. [Walking about.] This is too much—I can't stand it! She shall be mine—mine alone! She's my wife, and who shall deny me? I won't share her with anybody!

Var. Well, my dear boy, I wish you well out of it. I advised you not—but you know you would have her. If you won't let him have his share why then, you know, you must prove yourself a match for the Devil! *[Exit.]*

Raf. No, no—I'll put a stop to this—it's unbearable! I'll dissolve partnership! There she is—*[Looking round.]*—he's not here now—the present moment's mine, at any rate. Oh, my dear Casilda!

Casi. Rafael! Do you love me?

Raf. More than ever, dearest; and since the present moment is ours, why should we not enjoy it?

Casi. [Looking on the other side.] Who was that spoke?

Raf. No one, dearest—there is no one here but ourselves. *[Kisses her cheek.]*

Casi. Oh, but I'm sure some one spoke, and repeated your words. There—and somebody kissed my other cheek, just as you kissed me on this side.

Raf. The devil they did! *[He takes her hand, and kisses it.]*

Casi. [Extending the other, as though some one had kissed that.] Why how do you manage to kiss both hands at once?

Raf. [Aside.] It must be that little devil, Asmodeus, claiming his share! Yet I don't see him any where. *[Places his arm round her waist.]* Come, dearest, let us forget all but the rapture of the present moment.

Casi. Oh—oh! Some one has got another arm round my waist on this side.

Raf. Oh, it's him—it's that infernal little devil—it's Asmodeus! *[Releases Casilda—draws his sword.]* Where are you? Show yourself—I know you are here—*[Fighting about the stage with sword.]*—and I'll find you. I'll dissolve partnership! I'll see you damned before I'll share her with you, although you are the devil!

Enter KING and Attendants.

Ferd. What is the meaning of this noise?

Casi. [Aside to Raphael.] Ah! Silence, Raphael, or we are all lost!

Raf. No, I am determined to break with him—it's carrying the partnership rather too far. He won't give up his half, and I won't give up mine. Your majesty, I am tormented by a fiend, who declares I am married—yet he claims my wife, and—

Ferd. How, sir! What is the meaning of this? Are you not married, then?

Raf. Not that I am aware of, your majesty.

Ferd. How this! The Queen too—and Carlo? Deceived on all sides—my authority disputed—my power abused! [*To Attendant.*] Go summon the Queen instantly.

Enter QUEEN, CARLO, GIL VARGOS, and Attendants

Now, madam, what is the meaning of this? We have been deceived it should seem, and you are in the plot against us.

Isa. Carlo explain—

Carlo. [*Advancing and bowing.*] You are indeed deceived, sire, but not by your Queen. She is true and loyal—the traitor is there! [*Pointing to the Grand Inquisitor.*]

Ant. Insolent boy! you shall repent this.

Ferd. Silence! What proof have you?

Carlo. 'Tis here, sir. These papers—dispatches received this very night by Fraz Antonno—who was secretly leagued with the Court of Turin to separate your majesty from your true and faithful Queen, and afterwards induce you to form an alliance with a princess of Sardinia.

Ferd. [*Taking papers and reading. To Fraz Antonio.*] Traitor! but you shall feel my vengeance. Tremble—for you shall find the King of Spain knows how to punish traitors, as well as to reward his faithful servants. [*To Carlo.*] We took you for our minstrel, but you have proved our best councillor.

Carlo. Alas, sire! I have now no heart for minstrelsy.

Ferd. My poor boy—have you, too, your sorrows? What are they?

Carlo. I have a sister sire, whom a great lord would seduce.

Ferd. His name?

Carlo. He is too powerful even for your majesty to punish.

Ferd. Not so. Were he the greatest in our kingdom, I swear he shall pay obedience to our laws. His name, I say—

Carlo. [*Signs to the King, who motions all to retire back—he comes forward with Carlo.*] Ferdinand King of Spain!

Ferd. Ah—that young girl! Why have I been deceived? The Queen, too—you have told her all—

Carlo. No sire—your secret's safe. My sister loves Don Rafael D'Estunego—he loves her—consent to their immediate marriage, and I am dumb for ever.

Ferd. It shall be done; and I confirm them in their present titles.

Carlo. Then all will be well. [*To Casilda.*] My pledge to you, dear sister, I have fulfilled. [*To the King.*] For the future, be content whilst virtuous love adorns your home. [*To Rafael*] Act always as bravely as you have hitherto done, and you will have no need of the Devil's assistance

Raf. I thank him, notwithstanding; and if our kind friends will pardon all his tricks, and grant us their applause, nothing will be wanting to complete our happiness, but——

Carlo. [*In attitude.*] My share!

THE CURTAIN FALLS

21-22

23-24

25-26

